

A long, illuminated walkway at night, possibly a bridge or a path, with colorful light trails (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple) visible on the ground. The walkway is flanked by railings and leads towards a distant light source. The background is dark, suggesting a night scene.

Coe Review

Volume 44, Issue 1
Poetry Issue
Fall 2013

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OUR COVER image, “Human Prism,” was created by Anna Carpenter. It is a digital photograph taken at Grey’s Lake in Des Moines, Iowa. 2011.

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Elvis' Car

William Miller

It was parked in
the shopping center lot
all by itself.

There were screaming
girls touching the doors,
rubbing the paint.

My mom held me up so I
could see the tv
in the backseat.

I was amazed that you
could watch tv, let
the driver drive, never know

you were in a car
at all. And I forgot about
his .45 records, all

the drive-in movies he
sang in. But my mother
didn't. She put me down,

waded through the girls
and tried the door lock.
And then she touched

his window for a long,
long time like she never
touched my dad's face.

Sojourn

Nylab Lyman

Low-Density Residential

I am trying to accept this place
for what it is,
with its screeching toddlers
and indiscriminate,
nighttime artillery drills,
its speeding mini-vans
and ATVs that run the roads,
kicking fine plumes
of dust fifteen feet into the air.

I balance this suburban unrest
with the mosaic of sun-glossed
oak leaves outside my bedroom
window, and with the mergansers
that nested on the shores of the
shallow lake at the end of our lane
this summer.

Away

Bay-side that first morning,
I woke and kissed salt-air,
celebrated the absence of sound
with champagne and juice,
mused for close to an hour over
the mystifying, spiny pink flowers

tumbling over the garden gate.

Neighbors

I hear the chuffing cough of the sheltie
that lives on the corner of Victoria,
and, moments later, the echoing boom
of the Mastiff-mix from behind the red
stockade fence next door. I learned their
names before I learned the neighbors'.
With time, I learned soil names as well.
Buxton silt loam, Hollis-complex.
Hosta and astilbe grow well here.
In the backyard, lamia spreads
like a silver pool, conceals
the once-gaping gumline of the house.

I make a border of tulips and narcissi,
hopeful that next spring, I won't be here
to see it come up.

Early July

How far away the grass-thatched dunes
and salmon-colored bluffs of the Cape
seem today. The sea is a closed blue door
I stumble toward, cloud-blind.

Perennial Garden Stitch Assist, High Resolution

Nylab Lyman

I spy on the unmanned,
barbershop-stripped lighthouse
for hours at a time; also,
the fishermen's wharf
with its barnacled fleet,
hulls bobbing like paint pots,
tinting the waves duckling-
yellow, star-gazer red.
I never tire of our colorful rivalry.

I'm an early-riser,
purposeful as the squat,
disused fortress on the horizon,
or the sharp-nosed terrier who tows
a rumpled boy at the other end
of a rhinestone leash.
Like the dog, I prefer to
inhale the morning unfiltered.

I test borders, rush gates,
flush glistening life from shadows.
I tilt, second by second,
toward chaos, ply moonstruck
passerby with a honeyed tongue
and crushed lavender delights.
Loyal only to light and air,
I crave wild street dancing,
carnation revolution.
I'm all about the show,
but a tricky god
lies in the hidden details.
Look twice: That crimson stitch
at the center of the poppy?

Not a flaw, but a port of entry.
And the gully hovering in
the left-hand corner?
A speckled cloud raining seed
out of a clear blue sky.

Insomnia

Ivan de Monbrison

tout à côté du bocal
l'oeil regarde
agrandi par le verre
comme une énorme bille
le poisson faire des tours
on tourne doucement
la poignée de la porte
on fait mine de sortir
le mur s'écaille
et si l'on gratte encore
un peu
on pourrait voir
ce qu'il se passe dehors
dans la rue
la nuit
quand il n'y a plus personne
et que les spectres
sortent des tombes
sans faire de bruits
de peur de réveiller
les morts encore endormis

right next to the fish bowl
the eye looking
enlarged by the glass
as a huge marble
the fish going in circles
one gently turns
the door handle
and pretends to go out
the wall is peeling off
and if one were to scratch a bit
more
one would see
what is happening outside
in the street
at night
when there is no one left anymore
and when the ghosts
leave the graves
without any noise
for the fear of waking up
the dead still asleep

Discovery

Robert M. Randolph

1

In a lakeside cabin
on a rainy night, I sit under a pull-chain bulb
drinking tea. The door
stands open.
Adele sings
on the radio. Her voice
sounds like polished jade. Rain falls on the lake,
as if just discovering this world.

2

Earlier I found a deer skull
by the north cove.

I knelt
and felt its smoothness,
moving one finger around the eye socket.
Near us, the lake shone
like a mirror.

Asymmetric

Robert Huotari

Bouncing from a pickup bed a hammer handle peen and claw will want to rotate in slow motion by my window on the freeway then a truck-back mounted cherry picker will unbend its elbow. Pruned, a palm frond falls. I hear a flower over one ear means a thousand nights of bliss, the other, come within ten feet of her and die, and wonder which ear is which.

The Thing You Lift

Robert Huotari

The thing you lift that's not as heavy as you thought and then flies up in the air and the step that's taken from you when you take a step to find the ground's not there and God has laid down his bicycle right at the foot of the stairs and when you call Him on it, saying *Someone will fall.* says *Let them take care.*

A Woman's Apartment

Ace Boggess

entering a new one that first time
penetration of the doorway's defenses

seeing the private inch by inch
like peeling away a sweater or long flowing skirt

step in & bring the tension with you
how it rubs against anticipation in your chest

each footfall is a conquering
each a plea for unshackling from business hours

why do you hesitate staring
at rows of books that define a shelf & a life

when your eyes wish to seek out ends
of dark hallways & all that stays hidden?

of course you sniff the air for traces
where a candle burned its berries & cinnamon

what now? do you sit with palms on knees?
or wait to be directed through the mysteries?

this is what you love not the lips or skin
but the strangeness after the invitation

how you would scrub dishes stacked in her sink
to steal a glimpse of floral patterns on her plates

In Deference to the Thunderstorm

Ace Boggess

a squirrel drinks from the fountain after rain
wet mouth browned to a hobo's five-o'clock shadow

he carries no poke on his back not
yet though his journeys will take him aboard

boxcars made from tree limbs gliding through peaceful
country afternoons away from the sickness of highways

coughing & deer trampling backward in retreat all
is stillness where gray absolves the sunlight yes

* * *

is stillness where gray absolves the sunlight? yes
I sit on a stone bench my eyes

drawn to sudden color from the torn extremities
of wildflowers cadmium bright like match heads petals

burning abstractions shot across damp grass so much
violence in the wake & vibrancy so much

peace if one looks to it grayest peace
gray of headstones & the gray of rest

* * *

gray of headstones & the gray of rest
I think studying the angel on its belly

where it fell away from the rising water
triangular base a marker over such a grave

I expect a name to be written there
but only blankness as if a memorial for

all the earth drowned beneath grinding gears &
drowned by the storm how this laughter fades

* * *

drowned by the storm how this laughter fades
how bushes bow their battered heads & how

the smell of everything is a broken heart
I listen for songbirds hear only a police

siren miles away blaring its new wave music
that too calls attention to this stillness this

momentary after-ease I want to possess it but
cracks between fingers let the noise back in

Any Insult Would Be Better

Olivia McElwain

When I was eighteen,
My best friend called me a bitch
On the Long Island Rail Road,
And I sat there thinking about that moment
For the rest of our trip to the museum.
Not even the dinosaurs
Could pick me back up again.
“SHE’S being a bitch.”
I sat with a huge anchor in my throat
That weighed my head down,
Down, down, down,
Where salt water gathered around my large arms
And drowned me.

To be fair,
I was being a bitch.

My best friend likes to call older mothers
Who drive mini vans,
Fat bitches.
Even if they are not fat.
It makes her feel more powerful
In the driver’s seat
Of her blue Jeep.

“Move, fat bitches!”
I learned that if I keep my mouth shut,
She won’t tell me
To stop being mean to her
When I tell her, “Calling someone a fat bitch
Is wrong.”

To be fair,
Those women cut her off in traffic.

When I was nineteen,
Turning twenty
And having a mid-life crisis,
I almost got
T-boned in traffic
By a man in a black
Pick-up truck.

“FAT BITCH.”
I remember how his cheeks puffed out
And how he gave me and my older sister
The finger. He was an inch away
From our small two-door Sedan
With no room to breathe.

I remember sitting there watching him try to get past us.
I remember his knuckle tattoos.
I remember the lifted tires and doublewide back
That really helped with city driving.
And I remember how my sister told me to stop yelling
Because I was the one causing trouble.

To be fair,
I was in the passenger seat.

Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico

Lyn Lifshin

Ansel Adams

If there were feelings
for the sky, the word
would be “wilderland”
or “scorched landing.”

A raven night with only
ghost colored crosses,
a sweating adobe night,
the wind drumming a

scat of sage and paloverde.
Nothing can stay inside
on a night like this,
Arms ache for some

thing to put around that
will sing to them like
an old guitar or
a woman’s body

Bankers' Lullaby

Nancy Carol Moody

Best of times, worst of times.
Yeah yeah.

We've heard that one already.

Gone the days when black was a shadow
the white horse galloped to the edge of town.

Now the drip of water

inside a time-locked vault.

One gold coin rings on the floor, but the phone's
been set to forward.

The electric bill-counters in the lobby
whirr cash like cards being shuffled in a deck.

Rubber stamps pound red ink.

Baskets between the tellers' windows
are coat-hangered with tiny lollipops.

Dum Dums, they're called.

Dream of that little reflex we have—
the reaching in, the taking out

a sweet piece of ourselves.

Smelly Poem

Paul Hostovsky

What is that evil stench, you ask yourself,
looking around for its source, its etiology, its home,
if smells can be said to have homes.
It's a homeless sort of smell, a sodden-
socks, ratty-sneakers, urine-in-a-doorway
sort of smell. You don't suppose
it could be coming from that pretty girl
with the flawless skin and excellent teeth
laughing and talking with that handsome
man in the sensible shoes, do you?
Anything is possible. Anyone could have
a leaky urostomy bag or suppurating leg infection
going on underneath. You yourself
could have bad-tooth breath and not even know it.
That evil stench could be yours, it could be
you. You could have stepped in a small death, the kind
your dog loves to roll around in, and brought it
home with you, wrapped in it now like a shawl.

The Only Question

Paul Hostovsky

She was very beautiful.
Exceptionally beautiful.
But beautiful in the way of
certain sudden realizations,
like: my god, is it raining?
or: look how huge the moon!

She was at the poetry reading.
My poetry reading. Just one among
many pretty undergraduates
until the Q&A. That's when she
raised her hand in the third row
and asked me, "What inspires you?"

What I should have said was,
"Beauty. Beauty inspires me."
And left it at that. And let
the awkward silence speak
for itself while I stared at her
from up at the podium for perhaps

a whole minute, ignoring
the chair of the English Department
clearing his throat, the few diffuse
titters filling the room, the enormous
moon filling the big picture
window as my drenched gaze

fell on her, steadily, like a fine summer
rain falling on the second seat
in the third row. But what I said,
a little dryly, was, "Literature. Great
literature inspires me." And she looked
away. And hers was the only question.

Divorces

Robert Stout

Bostyk, the janitor,
pinned a picture of his wife
above the towels in the room behind the gym
where he ate his packaged ham-and-cheese
and drank a small root beer.

Adelaide,
he claimed, was a nervous sort
who tried hard to impress...

When he turned down
a chance to learn power tools
she ran away
with a trucker with a missing front tooth

*But it was
a lot my fault, he explained,
not the money so much as the times alone
when I listened to ball games on radio
and she sat on the front porch sewing
dreams of new cars into ruffled skirts...*

Now, as I wait to hear the first pitch,
I reach for a photograph. And tell
Bostyk, wherever he is,
that I understand what he meant
when he said

*I guess if I had it
to do over again I'd kiss her
or give her candy bars
or slap her around
just so she'd know that I knew she was there...*

A high fly ball
hovers above an outfielder's glove;
I sit alone at my desk.

Radioactivity

Glenn Halak

Photons long as worms
from here to everywhere
the dark soil between stars

sunshine licking love
out of tin cans

eyes burning with emptiness
wigs
flaring in the molten heat of planetary cores

predators pick things apart
to eat
 individually

there are no dots to connect

belief, stun gun, nematodes,
a paralytic agent,
Is
working its poison

watch for the box jellyfish
in suits and tentacle ties
beside shark fin towers

paramedics are helpless
once the toxin has cloned
what you want to be

echoes run around lost children
paths diverge and collide
with subatomic splendor

slick arm of a skinny young man

his fiancé is dancing with the moon
in a dress of savage light

Us, we knew

Peter Madsen

Us?

We are
the riders of
horses stolen time

and again from a stable in motion
we ride forward and onward
on weekends for hours in side
side motion forward back jump
motion in time trot leap fly
to sunlight purple path blue trees
these mark joy unbridled his horse
has lost nothing that can't be refound
(unrefoundable objects not yet made)

in a scene empty
of horses and riders'
objects and time
streams purple
sun stolen
hours spent searching
for good light horses
and riders misplaced
under the bed
now they are lurking
and stomping and shouting
neighing good night

steal them steal them
back to us
for we
We?

The Rhizomal Magnetic Spleen

Peter Madsen

Intrepid traveler on the bus to life-real
life No hang-ups No straight games It's the
ACID TEST *ya-bey yo-bey* All night All night Rain Rain Raindrop

Freakin' and grokkin' and blowin' your gourd
so high up on acid we all be the lord
whirlpool under toe dig my braindrop

droppin' bars of prison windows
wetting the web-worked waves
sister spider makes (with) love

paint her groans blood-red
Day-Glo to scare off the crabs
livin' in our crotches cause

Washing *what* the mattress *what matters is so*
bourgeois Man leave that shit
Up-front right out and

We the People:::::shall inherit the earth:::::In Order to
breathe the great preserver Hare Krishna Owsley Blue
Formaldehyde keep us safe Form a more

perfect Union:::::of god and man the dread acid-head's
current fantasy His life in rags is all the rage we must
therefore denounce our Separation from

True Story Tuesday

Peter Madsen

“Did you hear about the cobra who fell from
a balloon beaming the internet to
a New Zealand farmer and all he did was
check the weather inside and stare at the balloon
from his window then he shaved his sheep
but they were afraid of the cobra and one was even
dead of the cobra” “There’s no way
that’s true” “Oh yeah”
“I know more stories more truer than that”
“So it’s not true about the cobra and
the balloon” “Well of course it’s true
I told it to you” I drive to the store
I see a house I’ve never seen
before “How long’s that been there”
“Month and a half” I laugh because I think
I don’t get out very much now the \$2 plant stores
they all sell plums and hydrangeas oregano
thyme and tomatoes impatiens and baby’s
breath and tomato cages but mine’s for a
bell pepper Don’t tell my bell pepper
he doesn’t do shade very well last year
I mulched my garden with news-
papers from 12 leading cities their #1
dailies the sports and the funnies the
first woman mayor songs for dead fathers
bombs to Aleppo a choir of orphans the food
stamp and farm bills cyber-spies hunting
in haystacks of data next wednesday’s weather
some charity luncheon but everything died

Odors

Richard Dinges, Jr.

These manuals hold black
fingerprints, oil odors
from forty years ago,
old tractors and cold
iron parts pictured
in breakdowns, blown
apart and numbered,
pulled from dusty shelves,
an archive of a shop
where farmers cradled
greasy coffee cups
and murmured comments
about weather and grain
prices, absorbed by these
manuals and released
in old oil odors.

Blood in the Wood

David Alexander McFarland

There's blood in the wood outside my door,
a spot of darkness in any light, there because
I cut myself, but still I had to let the dog come in.
I bled around the pressure through the napkin,
grinding teeth against that millennial memory—
the feel of steel sliding through easy flesh—
while cursing all knives and my foolishness.
A little numbness still persists.
Painful miscalculation—
the history of my life.
Scars accumulate,
memories grow.
Children worry.

Old Soul Reflections During Meditation

Brycical

When I was younger,
I was a shaman
chanting melodies
that I hoped
would change the world.

Perhaps, they did
for my people;
the schizophrenic
gypsy stoners earth mother
worshiping airy words
burning the creative
liquid juices squirting
over our brains
like a drop of LSD on a sugar cube.

But now,
I can feel the age
in my emotions.
Time drags me
through, smoldering campfire
ashes smoking to the heavens...
where the stars
look like they're rotting away
inside the mouth of space.
Even shadows are afraid
to hide in these dark corners.

The Big Guys at Bat

James Hazen

After school, the baseball field was ours
a while, a battleground for third-grade
gangs, imaginary tanks. We fought our
wars with sandwich bags filled up with dust.

We threw, shouted, covered up our eyes.
Then you big guys came with uniforms,
cars, cheerleaders, coaches, a whole valise
of clean white balls, and bats as big as us.

You took the field in sharp cleats, in shirts
with printed names like Lefty, Curly, Spike.
Your pitches burned too fast for us to see,
but none of you, I know, ever struck out.

We watched your high-school games in awe
and climbed the bleachers slowly to a higher
and a higher view. You big guys climbed
right up to heaven too, though evening fell.

We ate our Orange Skyrockets just before
they melted in our hands, but the passing
years stole you away. Some of us went out
to take your places, but it never was the same.

Punishment: The Pet Gorilla

Kevin Griffith

Rather than fierce: Pathetic.

Lies on the couch watching reruns of *Kolchak*.

You remember the day you got him—Xmas.

A box big as a refrigerator's. Mom and Dad?

Strangely absent. But once the ribbons

and glittering wrap were gone, out he lumbered,

yawned, and plopped—down—like a servant

too old to be of use. So you keep him,

watch him grow old, buy him a used

recliner and membership

in the a cigar-of-the-month club,

until all he does is grumble and long

to vote Republican. And when you bring

your future wife to him and smile,

he sidles his way into an off-color joke,

the punch line of which is: *gefilte pig*.

It is your wife's cousin who will preside

at his funeral, open casket of course,

his face clayed with pancake and warped

into the smiling face of a real man,

one who doesn't know he is leaving,

but knows he is gone.

Punishment: The Dryer

Kevin Griffith

Perhaps a mob job. But he tumbles on “cotton,”
heat seeping through his cringed eyelids.
He could think amusement ride, he could think
kid playing astronaut, but it’s no fun
when the lungs sear raw with waiting.
And even if he could somehow kick or punch
the porthole door open, what would lie
on the other side? Some tough
with a lead billy jack? A baseball bat
studded with bloodied nails? Nope.
Better to stay inside. What did
the Great Philosopher say anyway?
Let no man question his fate.
We are just small gods made by a god
who was made by who knows,
and each knew he was destined to be created,
all the way back to the God
who somehow foretold his own
creation, long before he existed,
before a hand reached into the spinning void
and shook him into use,
soft and static-free.

Twenty-One

William Spencer

poetry is just nothing on the tops
we're warm and our touch is acceptable
these final moments, worthy of documentation,
can tell primer from paint by smell
that is how to be a good communicator
wake in her house and the smell of home improvement
like a hometown of ladders
girl
so it continues
only jack and me are allowed to say poetry

An Introduction to Algebraic Coding Theory and Alzheimer's Disease

Zach Wood-Doughty

Algebraic coding theory gives us three things
it gives us words, like “Hello”
it gives us codewords, like “1000111011”
and it gives us codes, which turn words into codewords, with math.

I am a Mars rover, rolling through the red sand, one hundred million miles away from home.
My grandfather is a NASA base station, back in California.

He likes to send me messages sometimes.
Sometimes he asks me to roll forward 61 miles, then turn left 13.7 degrees.
Sometimes he asks me to send him a picture of myself, so he can see what my smile looks like these days.

One hundred million miles is a long way.

Sometimes things get in the
of our communication—
things like meteors, or solar flares, or college.
We use math codes so that even if a bit of a message gets scrambled by space debris, I can still decode what he meant to say.

Lately, though, the codes back at NASA haven't been working quite right.

I visited my grandfather last month, and we built a fire together like we had so many times before. My grandpa likes to use old candlesticks to wax the kindling. It helps the fire burn.

After loading the fireplace with wadded-up newspaper, he pointed to the basket of old candlesticks, and he asked me to grab an apple core.

For a long time, we said nothing. We both knew something had gone wrong with our codes, knew that there were no apple cores to be grabbed. I tried swapping ones and zeros in his codewords, and I found where he had made the mistake.

A candlestick is not an apple core. They are both short and white, they have wicks or stems. I could see where he made the mistake in his calculations. I could see where the wires had crossed in his head.

I picked up a candlestick, and together, we built the fire. But so many times he sends me messages that I cannot decode. So many times I try swapping ones and zeroes, but I can't find the messages I know he meant to say. How will I know if he meant to encode "tell me about your life"? What do I send back to a message that might have said "I'm scared", or that might have said "I love you"?

I know that these technical difficulties are only going to get worse. I am receiving fewer and fewer messages these days, and I don't know if NASA is getting what I send. I don't know what to send home anymore.

One hundred million miles is a long way.

A Three Minute Response to Mary Oliver

Joyce Janca-Aji

Somedays I spend all day watching the tiny jumps of pulse
under winter skin so white, almost translucent
as if it were a sheet of ice under which rivers dove
downwards as if to crack the hard shell of the earth's core
and recover a sense of ancient molten life.

Somedays I watch skin rise like dust from cracked backs
of hands, amphibial skin gone dry, slung over
whitened bones waiting to erupt from the floor
of some forgotten gully out back
where no one bothers to check if anything
still bothers to grow or fly or swim.

Somedays I watch the mist from my nose rise
when the door shuts behind me and the cold surrounds.
I think of dementors, despair, the dark
yet I am heartened that no one gives this breath
and that no one receives it, that this silver thread
of air makes its way in the world so freely
and never thinks to look back to see from where it comes.

Face

Alexander Boyd

I feel his breath but don't see his face,
feel, rather than see, the rips in his jeans,
the bruise beneath his left, wilting eye,
and vodka with the lingering and opaque tint of Ibuprofen still drips
between the thin slits in his lips as they touch my own. I smell the
cigarette that he pulled from the mouth of the crew-cut lesbian

a clit-licking butch

run down by an SUV outside,
feel the sharply ridged ladder,
cut crudely
from his wrist
to bicep.

he's a faggot

He's incredible.
He's hopeful,
on his knees

to suck your cock

to pray
for sunlight and for a crosswalk,
for eyes to replace his ears.

I don't see his face
because the strobe light carves through the pitch blackness,
because my eyes can't adjust,

because you can't take your head out of his crotch

because I could love him,

because he has no face,
because his face is my face and their faces and the face of the boy
who loves a boy and of the lesbian

the dead cunt

and of the other women
in the grime-lathered underpass by the street—

fucking other women,

loving other women—
and I have no face,

but the boy has a tongue.

Kaolinite

Caroline Lauth

Your calloused, clay-worn, perfectionist's hands molded a delicate bowl
and when you deemed it ready you fired it in a kiln, not pausing to think
that perhaps kaolinite is happy being dull, and porcelain resents being
fragile, and I,

I do not need to be molded into something beautiful or better, and I,
I do not need your potter's hands to shape me into something you can
love.

Prayers

Savannah Cooper

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

I have broken crayons and called names
to faces that looked too much like mine.
I have hated my reflection—not the hair
or the shape, but those stupid, sad eyes.
I have built rickety structures not even
on sand, but on the thinnest of breezes.

Bless me, Father, for I have

nothing left to grieve, but I'm too attached
to my sorrows. They're sour at first,
like wine, but they go down easier
with every sip. I have lost faces and names
and closenesses, and these griefs are all
the familiar that remains to me.

Bless me, Father, for I

can't see, and I'm afraid I like the dark.
If I wrap myself up tightly enough, no one
will see me either. I can be my own ghost.
I think I would be good at haunting. This house
is shadowy enough, and I am gray and thin enough.
Maybe, in time, I'll be absorbed into the walls.

Bless me, Father, for

the days bite and the nights smirk, and I
don't care for either. The blended scar
above my lip is a story I don't tell anymore,
maybe because it's not my story. The one
on the back of my leg though—I hope
it never fades completely, remains always in relief.

Bless me, Father.

Grant me fingers that ache and eyelids that droop,
little sleep and dry lips, the sky-lit cast
of the water before and after and in between
the rain. Oh, Father. Bless me with a closed smile

and an open hand, with a rose, with the unknown,
with the fleet color of his eyes.

Bless me.

At the Bar Full of Rotting Animals

Darien Cavanaugh

The sock-eye, the painted deer, the Sisyphean dung beetle
come here to die while still fat and horny,
sucking up the wheat and the mold,
the yesterday and the story
of the giant beaver that gazed
across a thin river but wouldn't swim,
so it sat there bone dry and wasted until
everyone laughed and cried "It's a metaphor,"

everyone except the handsome couple drawn on the wall.

He is too serious a man to laugh at puns,
and she would never smile without him.
They've been stuck there for years, since
men shaved clean and parted their hair straight
to sit on trusses in pin-striped suits with double
Windsors and frail young women in summer dresses
cautiously touched men's wrists to count
their pores and whiskers, heartbeats and whispers.
They are coming or going, falling
in or out of love, as a train patiently blows
a frozen puff of steam in the background.
They watch their invisible feet dangle below the frame,
take forever to decide what's for dinner
or if they'll wait to learn about steel
wheels passing over carnal bodies.

But it is difficult to focus on an old drawing on a wall
behind shelves of clear mugs and green bottles
in a room where piss and taxidermy reign,
where butterflies are pinned to mottled cork,
and a fake saber-toothed tiger's skull
wears a dusty Santa hat and a plastic lei,

where a photo proves the skunk fled
the hen house at dawn with egg-drenched lips,
and where even the old fox got caught, stuffed
and mounted, one leg permanently perched
on a little stump, his head raised in crafted interest
to stare towards an impossible horizon with glass eyes.

In the corner hangs a wire cage full of bones yellow as dusk
and a beak that fed a heart that fed wings that carried a bird
through skies that bones forgot in search of a feast of maggots
and apples and a warm body to hold off the night.
The door is open. It hangs on a hinge.

Some Change for the Time Man

Tom Pescatore

Anchor me down with the past...
I'm a floating helium-centric
goon of the heavens babbling
incoherent love songs to the sick—
oh well, it was a mighty cause
when I fought it, when I remembered
what it was, but now I'm ground
up in old groundhog day
senility starting 8 hours behind
the sun and escaping into the night
only to sleep never to live
never to live—I'm a lay about—
society bites me, keeps me moving,
I've fallen so far from my feet—
they're dragging toward the gorge,
an endless plastic coffin filled
to the brim with only the faces
I've known, the ones with
concentric circles spinning round their
golden heads—that'd be us Joe—but
they stick the swords to our backs and the
planks vibrate to the frequency
of the queen's machine—
there's no footing, there's no branch
only falling—

& where do we go?

Tom Pescatore

He turns his head
expectantly
expecting her not to reach the
door—for the door—of
other voices & lines
all mashed and troubled
and fed eggs bacon
sausage bread pancakes
toast Easter post-church,
warped through concrete &
glass lenses to the outside—blockade—
 who's thinking?—where
does all this death go?—
into that ground he knows—&
gone to dream-fields & memory lanes,
but no worries,
time to pay the damn check &
bury the bodies.

April Morning On Long Beach - Gloucester, Massachusetts

Michael Carrino

*...our world explained, even with bad reasons,
is familiar.*

-Camus

Echoes curl over this blistered lee shore –
tinge lush memories.

Waves roil as words, as time, uncertainty
chilled by heavy rain.

Sisyphus endured his refrain--hard labor
over and again

without hope for lighter stone, shorter hill,
absurd, yet

wonderful in his exhaustion.

Can You Smell It?

Patrick Johnson

Engulfed by a disintegrating armchair
Before a greyhound-gnawed coffee table
I played chess with my grandfather.

The pieces were cheap plastic.
His house smelled of cigarettes and age.
I never saw him smile.

I asked him to show me the grandmother I never met.
Head down, he indicated a cabinet of dusty photo albums.
At eleven I realized he rarely showered.

That year my family moved.
My brother's last friends said goodbye.
I hugged my grandfather, though he barely noticed.

My mom's new job ended at 5 P.M.
My father's started at 4 P.M.
I cooked rice or potatoes every night.

My brother (at thirteen) decided
This life wasn't working for him.
Hope the next one is better.

I needed the familiar scents of my grandfather.
We visited on green Christmases.
Each year someone disappeared.

At sixteen, engulfed by brightly colored flowers
Before a gleaming brown casket,
I said goodbye to my grandfather.

Lights pleasant as flashlights pressed against my open eyes.

Room smelled of air-fresheners, death, and cheap flowers.
The low murmur of friends, family, and dirges seemed irreverent.

My grandfather's face may as well have been wax.
Odors of preservatives rolled from his casket.
I wished it was he that reeked to high heaven.

While they buried the casket in dark earth
My father wept; I couldn't.
I tried.

I never saw my mother cry.
She said she shed her last tears for my brother.
She couldn't come to the funeral.

Now twenty five and engulfed in darkness save my lighter
In my bathroom before a mirror I never look in
I bend over sink with freshly lit cigarette smoking in my hand.

My grandfather said chess pieces were people:
My family consists entirely of pawns.
My scent is the same as my grandfather's.

Oh, to be a fine, young trailblazer

Brian Collier

When I think back to my life on the road
I'll remember how the stars' spitfire necklaced
a lake sky and how I chose then to carry this
suitcase of loneliness across the country with me
like I was selling it door to door, across state lines,
like it was my only means of making a living. Or
maybe it was a glorious and sad coronet

and we were gunning
down the two-lane highways of rural America
on tour, tramping through saloons and city park
gazebos, never knowing whose backyard
we'd wake up in next, my coronet and I, pulling
thin, orange ribbons of quiet delight up

from the floorboards of morning. Maybe coloring
the countryside with the dolorous sounds of brass,
I might've known souls lit like lanterns strung along
the prairies. Ass-swaying languorously in the back
of a barroom, the inaudible patrons

of the American night loom
like drunken moons dreaming of leaning in
to the brilliant, dim corona of my coronet's beer-
colored blooming horn for a kiss. But now
what I miss most about the road

are those lake skies
and the narrow, pot-holed, paved paths
that snake around them, and how night after night
we'd find ourselves circumambulating strange
waters where the starlight might actually sway
on its surface as if a thousand Zippos raised

in ghost grips praised each star's
daughterly sweep of light. I might've seen that
briefly in the eyes of strangers looking stranger
and stranger as the hours grew later. I
might've tried to cultivate that shine
in a pair of eyes, like a blind gardener, shears
sheathed, bringing water to thirsty flowers.

Silent Gift

Robert Karaszi

Midnight clanged
when her spiraling silhouette anchored down.
Tethered to indomitable irons
your mother's choice to kill herself,
left your world to me.

We summered in Kingston that year. My conscience boomed,
and I imagined death simpler than this. All the superlative magic
of white flowers, and pumped up promises, smashed:
Now, you'd grow motherless,
as seven stars thrummed above your bassinet.

They said you'd never talk. I heard them say
"Your daughter's deformed and permanently mute."
Crib-side that evening I held you,
until the mewling hours
sifted truth through my ears.

By your fourth year, you pantomimed gestures with grimaces
and limbs awkward to me. Together we watched the apple trees
spangled with their gems. On days when you did try to speak
vowels swarmed in your throat, and stirred like sour paste.
I hurried to decipher every utterance.

I learned to listen. Your silence uncoiled a revelation in me.
Today, my daughter Carolyn. I visit the apple trees
windfall sweeps the morning like a departing ghost,
and time has carved me whole-
There was new fruit after this.

Home Comforts

Anthony Arnott

The barber

breathed

the remnants of
her smoke break
onto my neck,

continued

to mangle the
back of my head into
an abandoned, disregarded

work of art.

Le Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe

Richard Donnelly

just like Manet's famous painting
let's get Caroline to come with us
to Afton State Park
and take off her clothes
while we have a picnic
in the grass

she'll do it I know she will
she's an artist
she knows that painting far
better than you or me

my god
Caroline in the grass think of it
a couple bottles of wine
come on
what's the problem they did it
a hundred and fifty years ago

I mean
it's ancient history before indoor
plumbing or razor blades
who are we in this day
and age
to deny our chance

Measuring Heart

Lisa Harris

A miracle of temperature and change
when water freezes or reaches
the boiling point—regardless of how it is measured
in Fahrenheit or Celsius or no measure at all—
the change occurs.

Convert and equate
one system to another or choose
instead not to measure at all.
Consider how a frozen heart
closes another heart out,
how a hot heart
melts another at the point of connection

In a moment of who she is
and who she is not,
of who he is
and who he is not,
of what she will do,
and what she will not,
of what he will do
and what he will not,
of what each one desires
and can have and cannot
and can.

Equations shift, shimmer and ripple,
when one side changes and the other
does not—is this an opportunity
or an ugly math trick? A mistake?
An omission? An error? A lie?
A truth with holes too big to mend?
Or a patched fabric to be worn again?

She wants sunglasses, visors, and blinds.
open spaces, vistas and walls of windows.
He wants earplugs, a cap, a mute button
during the commercials. He wants loud
rock and roll, digital sound, and throbbing bull frogs.

Neither of them wants to be blind or deaf.
They reclaim passion in high-speed chases,
in soft and deeper kisses,
when they lock into oneness.

He loves engines and so he measures
her heartbeat in rotations per minute.
He hears her purr and roar.
She loves water and so she measures
his depth in leagues, gallons and waves.

They fine tune engines and race over water
to keep things moving. Their cars go 65 in third gear.
They are each other's shot of life—
Sweetly bitter and bitter sweet, full of salt, complete.
They stock gallons and cases, cases and gallons
of their love while they make it—
for the scarce times.

don't stop

Dustin Brown

when the sparrow tells you to stop don't listen to him
and when he pecks out your teeth don't stop
don't stop even if his wings explode
or if he speaks in tongues

when the trees yell to stop don't listen
don't listen when acorns and apples crack
your windshield in half and don't stop when
experts and your grandmother say to

when the disco balls tell you to stop
I want you to smash them like piñatas
for all the children to stomp on
and grind into glitter

and when I tell you to stop don't listen
even when I'm wrong even when I'm tying you down
and screaming through a megaphone
you should be humming never stopping

Run-on

Paulina Harrison

There's method in the madness of rants that continue to go on and on never ending and always changing subjects without any warning and I like how she sings I wish I could sing like a little bird in a great green field where the hills are alive with the sound of music which is sometimes made better with a banjo for a little lion man who will come rip out my heart but oh I'd let him though I know I shouldn't wonder about the future and its odd way of being oh so predictable and a linear equation which can be solved with the substitution method if I'm remembering correctly which is hard because I like to honey bee hive my thoughts moving stuff around like a mailman does with letters and brown paper packages tied up with strings twisted with colored threads that tie the world together with an aglet at the end of a sad movie where things end with perfect destruction with a herd of cattle walking slowly grazing and gazing upon the many issues of cosmo and people and other assorted debaucheries like spray cheese which when added to pan de sal from that one bakery in national city taste just as good as any parisian crepe which I'm sure will earn me some glares for chairs and dares and there he is at the door to the big comfy couch where no problem was really as big as it seemed and lunette taught us all to do funny flips on the floor and wave to the sky full of clouds that hardly ever looked like anything in the blaring california heat while young girls measure their progress towards anorexic sized waists of seventeen inches like winona's for wilhelmina's when wooing wonderful gary's prince who isn't always as charming as one would expect sometimes more more frequently though could I see the seals resting on the beach before the evil senseless creature with their bright colored tools of fright sent the adorable shiny dark seals to sit on the uncomfortable rocks and not table rock not that great rock which I hoped was the one I had seen to feel closer to fictional characters who's choices I don't approve of but would be itching to try I'm sure there's a guy worth fighting for and hopefully he will sing that about me too though I would prefer the part about brains which are consumed by the zombies which frighten me to no end and I wonder why fiction scares me more than reality and I realize that I like the

feeling of pens in my hand and there is a bit more clarity more so than los angeles whose ironic title would never send a hipster into analysis because religion and politics are a no no among friends and dates which are totally the same thing in a box labeled "SLUTT TOPS" which I can't take credit for and must be given to the girl with the chimera like wardrobe because no one ever looked slutty in a t shirt and jeans unless they're barefoot on the beaches of anywhere as long as it's on the pacific which will forever be my love my childhood sweetheart if you will but he get's touchy always pulling my top or bottom up or down with his strong wave hands as I got older, Poseidon I am not that kind of girl I would say but the cold water did send some sensations to some interesting places it hurts a little not to see it every couple of days like I see the sky becoming as blue as van gogh's and one can't help but think ear and for some reason I think of a great song in spanish which no one understands and odd looks are sent my way which is why I bought headphones off of amazon before my sisters baby was born and I adore the blue with green spotted vehicle to worlds which can always be made better when you put a bird on it but be sure it's not a pigeon because I guess that's grounds for firing squad which can be deflected with the proper knowledge of inertia and thine bright eyes make mine soul ache for the sweet soft caress of thine flesh to mine for there be-eth no thrill like that which can be-eth punished by law and order svu is the best because it's most heartfelt but having never watched the others except that time in eighth grade where the hot guy was the criminal and I was thinking of pulling a britney spears for the first time in my life and it should have been a red flag saying hey I see a pattern of assholes in your future as hands roam over a crystal ball thanks dad I would not prefer a bunch of cactuses which is proper because octopi is its own latin word and "eses" are the proper suffixes and I forgot how the end to apostle's creed went probably because I never read it much to my father's dismay and I think I may have lied at confession the one time I went when I was eight and honestly eating a doughnut when my mom told me not to should not count as a sin when there are people committing far worse crimes than those glorified and romanticized in movies which is why I don't care for that one french movie that everyone practically became a crack-whore for.

Our Father

Howard Winn

who are in Disneyland.
hallowed be thy name,
thy Kingdom come,
thy will be done
in Wonderland
with blessed Mickey,
Minnie, Donald and Goofy,
history sacrosanct
and candied like apples
or Mr. and Ms.
We dream of the Magic Kingdom,
flags forever waving.
Speak to us,
oh sacred dead Walt,
we discover you
through thy divine
creations,
the seven dwarfs,
the virgin Snow White.
We hiss the evil queen,
step-mother from hell.
We know the martyred nephew,
sacrificed
on the altar of
investments and Wall Street.
What does the Board of Directors
want?
Are the investors happy?
Shall they inherit the earth?
Will a superhero now purchased
come to the rescue?
What of Pixar
or the Muppets?

The Prophet Amos Adds a Postscript

William Jolliff

*Hear this word, you cow of Bashan,
who are on the mountains of Samaria,
who oppress the poor, who crush the need...*

As I said, the Lord called me, took me away
from my flocks, told me, “Boy, give ’em hell.”
And it was nothing short of hell I gave them.
He showed me a vision—think twice before
you pray for that—and told me what to say.
So I left the farm, preached the word, and
came on home. But I’m no lily of the field.

I’ve been around the powerful and rich
too long to think they’ll ever give it away.
You don’t corner the market on oil and corn
by being a fool. And those big fine houses?
They didn’t grow there. When little rich
babies are sucking a slave’s teat, one thing
they learn is how to hold on. They’ll hold on.

I’m a prophet, right? I know how sermons end:
*The Lord will restore your cities and land,
the mountains shall drip with sweet wine,
you will plant gardens and eat their fruit.*
All that. But I’m a farmer, too. I’ve been
scorched and flooded enough times to know
you can’t get too damn sure about the weather.

Artist's Bio: the Banjo Guy on Fourth and Main

William Jolliff

It started out as shtick, a beggar's gaff,
something to set him apart from the poor
who only hold out hats or wear their signs:
Need Gas, Need Food, Out of Work.

A good gaff demands a little respect—
it offers something back for compassion.
So he lifted the banjo from a guy who,
asleep or out drunk, wasn't using it.

The next day he was *nbaarrinnging* away
and noticed his take increased with volume.
Nice. So he went in the internet room
of a library and looked up how to tune.

Then some bills came in with the quarters,
clearly cause and effect. No doubt about it,
he was on to something good, and this:
he began to love his own weird racket.

Unencumbered by pride and blessed with long
days of hungry hours, he followed his hands,
random positions, stroking and picking,
and sometimes he got lucky. Real music.

Repetition and variation. The first rule
of all art. He noted what worked, the sounds
that gave him bliss, and he noted this, too,
that sometimes people smiled at him,

which no one ever does in a beggar's
direction. And so he became a musician.
He kept his ears open, picked up a riff

from a street pro here, a young bum there,

and developed *style* since, as scholars
will tell you, style is based on necessity,
the very thing he had in spades: nights pass
but the need to eat or make art does not.

Bag of Hope

Michele Bombardier

I made goody bags for the surgeons,
anesthesiologists, the post-op pain
team, brightly colored, festooned with curly ribbons,
stuffed with jams, chocolates, cookies.
I loaded them right onto my husband

on the gurney getting wheeled into surgery
so he looked like a Christmas tree
as he passed through the double glass doors
into that mystery chamber,
sparkly bags piled on his chest,
between his legs, under his arms.
A blatant bribe, a furtive offering
to whatever god was on duty that shift.

Six hours later the lead surgeon emerges
to tell me it went well.
He thinks he got it all.
I hear nothing.

All I see is the brightness in his eyes,
his smile curling his words.
Later he will say,
I'm so sorry, his eyes full of shadow.
Now he walks away, his step light,

his goody bag in his hand.
He turns without stopping,
walking backwards, calls out,
Hey, thanks! holding the glittery bag aloft.
He turns forward as he walks
back through the glass doors, bag
still high in the air.

Coyote Dreams

M. Sioned Curoe

I.

Coyote dreams before the people come
before he is more than a concept
he's breath running the plains
after Jack Rabbit

When new land bridges in cold snow
they ghost in feathers
and furs not their own
shaping him with whispers

of Coyote's journey to bring back
his wife from death when he stumbles
and men blame him for their mortality

Can't recall
first Fire brought in his maw
to warm their fake skin

Coyote dreams of becoming more
than a lesson

II.

They call him the Imitator
he is smoke and clay and
can be molded into any thing

If the people were smart
they'd never set him loose
from the snare
or listen to his tales
of Deer's children with dappled backs
of how he threw his sons

into the fire so their skins

could also bear those beautiful
white spots

III.

Coyote meets Anansi on a Friday
they drink beer and lemonade and
sit on a porch at the edge of the world

the planks peeling from too many
summers without paint
they pass a joint and breathe
sweet grass smoke

The spider bitches about Leopard
stealing his stories

*Is that why you brought
Africa's sun to America?*

Anansi's laugh cuts

*It's fun to watch the people panic
about global warming*

IV.

Coyote dreams of fire

(the great crash of Ragnarök

Rapture's comets

Thunderbird's snow piling leagues deep)

Xiabalba eyes the Tree

and turns away from him

Coyote dreams

of being left alone

The Trick to Being Shameless

M. Sioned Curoe

The trick to being shameless
that is letting go of shame
doubt seeded in your heart waiting
to grow with every sunrise

is to cast it out for the scrutiny
of faceless strangers a necessity for me
I confess to thoughtless cruelty
age nine hot water poured over our pet cat
but I cannot speak

Angry thought
I could never fuck someone like you
and predatory urges as I steal gas money
from my little brother's wallet or
on the hunt find Mom's weed

the surge of disgust as a man brushes
against me in a sticker shop then again
but I cannot speak

The destruction how I longed
to carve claw marks over my eyes
if I can't be beautiful then at least
I can make them look

or sing my body electric my old mentor
loading my arms with Whitman and Mary Oliver
how can I forgive her
for changing my life

The fear in sinking into the old
couch with an eternity bitten in my wrist

and tell her of vertigo on the cliff
everyone is afraid of how much
they want to jump

never told her how I planned
to grab my girlfriend's hand
so we could fall together
but I cannot speak

I should abandon doubt
scrabbling with veritaphobia in my throat
if I ever deemed to open up
words would drop from my mouth
but I cannot speak

For Marcia

Ariana Uding

She won't say be practical: world doesn't need more
biologists or businessmen. Lexicon
never far from the '80s, like totally
grody, gag me with a spoon
dude, you're not gonna meet a man in a bar,
by the time you're 40 the internet's not so bad just
play the field, keep options open (like
her legs are) stay on birth control. And her
nightmares shouldn't be your nightmares
no cornfield coincidence or unlocked bedroom door
she doesn't sleep with cyanide anymore
look for the nod of her head/lifejacket. Takes three
weeks for Words with Friends, she still
schools you in vocabulary.

Dandelion Sugar

Ariana Uding

It's Thursday, my mascara smells
like alcohol, something strong
and boozy like, 12 dollar fifth of gin
and gluey eyes,
the stranger at the bar leans across the table
and I put a fork in his hand and then
read an article that says
toss if smell changes
becomes a mantra
that milk smells, toss it
do laundry or toss it
fish smells fishy, time to toss it
my mascara smells like alcohol
my eyes smell like alcohol
my coat smells like alcohol

James causes fights at his local bar so
he is not invited and
Cary Grant dies of a hemorrhage so
I wear a red dress to his funeral and
we take shots in the back seat because
whiskey breath makes it
easier to breathe fire.

It's probably time to toss our eyes,
we start to smell and stomp around.
When we fall, we shake the walls and our
downstairs neighbor puts in a complaint
to the landlord
and we say sir, have a drink
or at least smell the mascara
maybe with a little diffusion,
you'll feel it in your cells.

He asks if I mean osmosis,
I say no,
that's water.

When I die I want tiger lilies,
that hide beneath my coat to leave
beside me, a cadaver
just pay for your own ambulance
and they'll be slicing you in no time,
they'll consider lotuses and
Lily of the valley,
but remind them that Lily of the Valley is
the flower of May
and I'm a Libra.

Contributors' Notes

Christa Angelios has been spending her junior year at Coe College chiseling out her niche in Christian horror and speculative fiction. She is Flash Fiction Editor of Silver Pen's *Liquid Imagination*, interns under ccPublishing to produce *The Midnight Diner*, and still finds the time to appease her storyteller with monthly laternside folklore readings.

Anthony Arnott lives in Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, and works as an English teacher. In April 2013, his collection, *The Genius who drank all the milk*, was released.

Ace Boggess is the author of two books of poetry: *The Prisoners* (forthcoming from Brick Road Poetry Press) and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled* (Highwire Press, 2003). His writing has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *RATTLE*, *River Styx*, *Southern Humanities Review* and many other journals, including a previous issue of *Coe Review*. He currently resides in Charleston, West Virginia.

Michele Bombardier is a poet in the Northwest who works with people with autism, stroke, and head injury as a speech language pathologist. She is particularly proud that her three grown sons read poetry.

Marissa Bouska is a freshman at Coe College hailing from the “village” of Hawkeye, not Iowa City, Iowa. She is planning on majoring in English, communication studies, and creative writing.

Alexander Boyd is a sophomore at Coe College who is majoring in creative writing, gender studies, and mathematics. He hopes to move to New York City following his graduation and work toward a career at a literary agency while working toward establishing himself as a writer.

Dustin Brown is currently working on a BA in creative writing at Western Michigan University where he works as a fiction reading intern at *Third Coast Magazine* and an editorial intern at *New Issues Poetry & Prose*. His work has also appeared at *Strong Verse Online Poetry Magazine* and is forthcoming with Theater Kalamazoo New Play Project.

Anna Carpenter is a sophomore at Coe College majoring in art with an emphasis in photography and a minor in art history. She fights the daily epic battle of clumsiness.

Michael Carrino is a retired English lecturer at the State University College at Plattsburgh, New York, where he was co-founder and poetry editor of the *Saranac Review*. His publications include *Some Rescues*, (New

Poets Series, Inc.) *Under This Combustible Sky*, (Mellen Poetry Press), *Café Sonata*, (Brown Pepper Press), *Autumn's Return to the Maple Pavilion* (Conestoga Press), and *By Available Light* (Guernica Editions).

Darien Cavanaugh's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Dos Passos Review*, *Memoir* (and), *The Minnetonka Review*, *The Blue Collar Review*, *Struggle*, *Pank*, *The James Dickey Newsletter*, *Megaera*, *The Pickwick Press*, *Gertrude*, *I-70 Review*, *Kakalak*, and *The San Pedro River Review*. He lives in Columbia, South Carolina, and works at *The Whig*.

Brian Collier graduated from Coe College in 1998, and then his meandering travels took him from the foothills of the Rockies to Oregon's Willamette Valley to the rolling plains of Columbia, Missouri. He has studied with Buddhists and renegade poets, worked in correctional facilities and psychiatric institutes, and now haunts hospital hallways as a registered nurse working night shifts, where he still tries to write enough to keep the coals burning.

Savannah Cooper earned her BA in English: creative writing from Lincoln University. She currently resides in Centralia, Missouri.

Erica Cramp is a sophomore at Coe College from Roscoe, Illinois. She is majoring in elementary education, hoping to one day work in Tennessee.

M. Sioned Curoe is a senior at Coe College majoring in creative writing and Asian studies. Her aspirations in life include making the New York Times bestseller list and sampling every tiramisu recipe in the world. The *Coe Review* staff has chosen to highlight Sioned's work as a poet by including two poems from her senior manuscript in this issue.

Ivan de Monbrison is a French contemporary poet and artist born in Paris in 1969. He currently lives in both Paris and Marseille, five poetry booklets of his works have been published: *L'ombre déchirée*, *Journal*, *La corde à nu*, *Ossuaire* and *Sur-Face*, and has also appeared in several poetry magazines in France such as *Jointure*, *Arpa*, *Friches*, *Phréatiques*, *Les Hommes sans Épaules...*

Richard Dinges, Jr. has an MA in literary studies from University of Iowa and manages business systems at an insurance company. His poems have recently appeared in *Slant*, *Talking River Review*, *CapeRock*, *Millers Pond*, and *Iodine Poetry Journal*.

Richard Donnelly lives in Minneapolis, the American Leningrad. His first book, *The Melancholy MBA*, is published by Brick Road Poetry Press of Columbus, Georgia.

Hailley Fargo is a senior at Coe College and can't believe this is the last fall issue she'll manage. Maybe if she's lucky, she'll find a job where she can put

together magazines all year long.

Jonathan Greenhouse was the winner of Prism Review's 2012-2013 Poetry Prize and finalist for this year's Gearhart Poetry Contest from *The Southeast Review*; he has received two Pushcart nominations and is the author of a chapbook (*Sebastian's Relativity*, Anobium Books, 2011). His poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Artful Dodge*, *Hawaii Pacific Review*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *The Moth* (IRE), *Popsbot* (UK), *Rabbit* (AUS), *Sugar House Review*, and elsewhere.

Kevin Griffith is the author of four books, the most recent being *101 Kinds of Irony* by Folded Word Press (2012). He teaches creative writing at Capital University in Columbus, OH.

Glenn Halak had a book of poems published by an online publisher, writerswebpress, back in 1998 and has had poems published over the years. Many paintings, three children's books, some plays produced and lately two one-acts published, some short fiction and essays as well, are out in the world.

Lisa Harris is a poet and novelist, who lives in Ithaca, New York. Her collection of poems, *Excavating Eternity*, was published by Two Women and a Shovel Press, and Ravenna Press (Spokane) published her novel, *Geechee Girls*, (2013) and *Allegheny Dream* (forthcoming 2014.)

Paulina Harrison is a sophomore at Coe College. This bio has been confiscated by the CIA for top secret medical purposes.

James Hazen was born in Boston and raised in the Midwest. He has been publishing poems for over 20 years; most recently his work has appeared in *Poetry East*, *Xanadu*, *Rattle*, and *South Dakota Review*.

Paul Hostovsky is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *Naming Names* (2013, Main Street Rag). His poems have won a Pushcart Prize and two Best of the Net awards.

Robert Huotari is a former math professor hoping to be a poet in his retirement. As a mathematician, he invented, discovered and/or defined the infinite dimensional Totally Tubular convex set.

Aimee Hyndman is a freshman at Coe College.

Maisie Iven does things sometimes such as being a sophomore religion major at Coe College.

Joyce Janca-Aji teaches French and gender studies at Coe College and still dreams of getting her MFA.

Heather Job is a junior at Coe College whose interests include YouTube, pugs, and Kit Kat bars. When not over-indulging in these vices, she studies creative writing and communication studies.

Patrick Johnson is a junior at Coe College and is majoring in creative writing and philosophy. It's entirely possible he reads more than is (strictly speaking) healthy for him.

William Jolliff is professor of English at George Fox University. His poems, reviews, and critical articles have appeared in a variety of journals and literary magazines, including *Midwest Quarterly*, *Poet-Lore*, *The Hemingway Review*, *West Branch*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Northwest Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Appalachian Journal*.

Robert Karaszi's poetry has appeared in *The Tower Journal*, *Westward Quarterly*, and various other publications. He resides in New Jersey and stays active in poetry readings and related events.

Jenna Kelly is a freshman majoring in neuroscience and creative writing and is the assistant poetry editor of the *Coe Review*. Her favorite modern poet is Ted Kooser and she aspires to play with lab rats someday.

Emma Kuhlmann is a sophomore at Coe College.

Caroline Lauth is a student of geology at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, who writes poetry and short stories in her free time.

Lyn Lifshin's books out in 2013-14 include; *Malala, A Girl Goes Into the Woods*, *Tangled As the Alphabet: Istanbul*, *Secretariat*, *Luminous Women*. For more: www.lynlifshin.com

Dana Lillig is a freshman from Grimes, Iowa. She is the illegitimate love-child of Forgetfulness and Creativity; unfortunately, at this time, neither parent admits to having her...

Tessa Lorentzen is a freshman at Coe College who is secretly a poetry-loving dinosaur. Or a unicorn, she hasn't decided yet; either way she was super excited to be part of the *Coe Review* this semester.

Nylah Lyman holds an MFA in poetry from the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast Creative Writing program. Her poems have appeared in *Cider Press Review*, *Arcadia Magazine*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review* and *Poetry Quarterly*, as well as other journals.

Peter Madsen is often calm. Next semester he'll be in Thailand on Coe's Asia Term.

Taylor Mayenschein is a sophomore studying communication studies, English, and gender studies who hails from Augusta, Wisconsin. She has a partiality to chipotle dressing and pepper jack cheese, and wonders what it would be like to be a stale cream puff.

Olivia McElwain is a sophomore at Coe College majoring in creative writing and English, but she would prefer to study naps and puppies. Unfortunately, those do not offer the same successful jobs that a creative writing major does.

David Alexander McFarland lives and works in western Illinois. He has published short fiction, essays, poetry, and has completed a novel.

Sharrell McKiver is a sophomore studying biology and Spanish. This is her second year working with the *Coe Review* team and she is already looking forward to the next issue.

William Miller lives and writes in the French Quarter of New Orleans. His poems have appeared in many journals, including *The Southern Review*, *The African-American Review*, *Shenandoah*, and *Prairie Schooner*.

Nancy Carol Moody lives in Eugene, Oregon, and is the author of *Photograph With Girls* (Traprock Books). She can be found online at www.nancycarolmoody.com.

Kirsten Nelson is a junior at Coe College. She enjoys spending quality time with her friends, family, and coffee machine.

Margaret Parkhurst is a freshman at Coe College.

Tom Pescatore grew up outside Philadelphia dreaming of the endless road ahead, carrying the idea of the fabled West in his heart. His work has been published in literary magazines both nationally and internationally but he'd rather have them carved on the Walt Whitman bridge or on the sidewalks of Philadelphia's old Skid Row.

Alison Polivka is a senior who somehow wandered her way into the history major at Coe College. She is a Virgo, prefers sunrises to sunsets, and enjoys short walks along beaches that aren't by Lake Michigan.

Bryce Post, known as Brycical to friends is a traveler, never staying in one place for too long. He literally says whatever's on his mind, but poetry is what happens when he attempts to organize his thoughts.

Robert Randolph teaches at Waynesburg University. He has twice been a Fulbright Scholar, has a book from Elixir Press, a black belt, and pastors a small church.

Lauren Schwartz is a junior at Coe College. She loves reading and can ride a bike with no hands.

Noel Sloboda lives in York, Pennsylvania. He serves as dramaturg for the Harrisburg Shakespeare Company and teaches at Penn State York.

Haleema Smith lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She typically writes from the safe confines of her bedroom; however, tall trees often pose as suitable locations for her documentation of thoughts.

Lindsay Souvannarath is in her senior year at Coe College, studying creative writing and English.

William Spencer is a student at Coe College in Cedar Rapids Iowa among other things. He beat Peter Madsen in the race to submit a bio.

Robert Joe Stout is a freelance journalist, fiction writer and poet living in Oaxaca, Mexico. His most recent books are *A Perfect Throw*, poetry from Aldrich Press, and the novel *Running Out the Hurt*.

Amy Swanson is a freshman at Coe College who hails from a small Chicago suburb called Geneva. Her love of anything English (but mostly poetry) led her to be a member of the *Coe Review* team, and she has loved every second of it so far.

Sara Sweeney is a sophomore at Coe College. She doesn't like to talk about the Beatles.

Ariana Uding is a senior at Coe College. She comes from Chicago and seeks sunshine, enlightenment, and open water. The *Coe Review* has chosen to highlight Ariana's work as a poet by including two poems from her senior manuscript in this issue.

Luke Winkelman is a junior English and creative writing major at Coe College. He has worked on the *Coe Review's* fiction editions for the past two years and was excited to finally help out for the poetry edition this year.

Howard Winn has most recently been published by *Descant* (Canada), *Galway Review* (Ireland), and *Dalhousie Review* (also Canada). He is a faculty member of the State University of New York.

Zach Wood-Doughty is a senior at Carleton College where he studies computer science, mathematics, and Latin American studies. He plays volleyball and hockey, does karate, and writes code, fiction, and poetry.

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